The University of Alberta

MIXED CHORUS

presents its

TWENTY-SIXTH

ANNUAL CONCERT

February 19, 20, 21, 1970

8:30 p.m.

STUDENTS' UNION THEATRE

●

DAVID STOCKER
conductor

Program

I.

JESU, JOY AND TREASURE . . . . . *J. S. Bach*
(1685-1750)

The text of the motet is six verses of Johann Franck's emotional and mystical hymn (suggested by the secular song, "Flora, meine Freude") contrasted with the doctrinal verses from Romans 8. The recurring chorale melody (adapted by Johann Cruger, 1598-1662), appearing in both simple form and the highly elaborate version of number V, binds the motet together thematically.

Jesu, Joy and Treasure,
Solace passing measure,
Precious gift to me!
Long, so long, I languish.
Torn my heart with anguish,
Yearning, Lord, for Thee.
Thine, I am, O spotless Lamb,
In Thine arms I'd ever hide me;
Earth holds nought beside Thee.

"There now is nought of condemnation unto them which are in Jesus Christ, who yet by the body walk not, but by the Spirit."
Romans 8:1

While Thine arms are round me,
Let the foe surround me,
Him I do defy!
Satan's hosts may press me,
Powers of ill distress me,
Still is Jesus nigh.
Hell fires flash, their thunders crash,
Sin and Satan's might assail me,
Jesus ne'er will fail me.

"For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free henceforth from the law of sin and death."
Romans 8:2

Hence! thou noisome serpent!
Hence! I mock Death's torment.
Bow in fear thy crest
Rage ye, World, wild leaping!
I stand here, and singing,
Calm, in peace, at rest.
'Tis God's arm holds me from harm,
Earth and Hades rouse no terror,
Though in wrath they mutter

"Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if God's own Spirit in you abideth. If man Christ's Spirit knoweth not, he is not His."
Romans 8:9

Nought on earth is lasting,
Thou art Joy surpassing,
Jesu, my Delight!
Hence! vain wealth's deceiving,
Nought for you I'm grieving,
Get thee from my sight!
Death or pain, or cross or shame,
Jesus is beside me ever,
Nought from me can sever.

"Though Jesus Christ in you abide, still is the body dead, because of sin, but the Spirit is life, because of righteousness."

Romans 8:10

Farewell, all that's mortal;
Gaze I on heaven's portal,
Earth's poor arts are vain!
Fare thee well, temptation,
Sin, and condemnation,
Thee do I disdain!
Fare thee well, earth's pomp and spell!
World, thy life and bonds I sever;
Fare thee well forever!

"But if in you God's Spirit that raised Jesus from the dead doth dwell, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit within you dwelling."

Romans 8:11

Banish fear and sadness,
Come, sweet Lord of Gladness,
Jesu, Master mine!
Who do truly serve Thee
Must by faith deserve Thee,
Joyous bear Thy sign.
Scorn and hate may be man's fate;
Little worth in them I measure,
Jesu, Joy and Treasure!

II.

TWO ALLELUIAS

1. Allelina ..... *Robert Muczynski*
2. Allelina ..... *Randall Thompson*

(1899-)

WHEN JESUS WEPT A FALLING TEAR .. *William Billings*

(1746-1800)

When Jesus wept a falling tear
In mercy flowed beyond all bound;
When Jesus groaned a trembling fear
Seized all the guilty world around.

—from the New England Psalm Singer, 1770

I BOUGHT ME A CAT ..... *Old American Song*

(*Children's Song*) *adapted by Aaron Copland*

(1900-)

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me,
I fed my cat under yonder tree.
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a duck, etc.

DIE MIT TRÄNEN SÄEN ..... *J. H. Schein*

(Who With Grieving Soweth)

(1586-1630)

Die met Tränen säen
werden mit Freuden ernten,
Sie gehen hin und weinen,
und tragen edlen Samen,
Und kommen mit Freuden,
und bringen ihre Garben.

—Psalm 126:5-6

Who with grieving soweth,
he shall with gladness harvest.
He goeth forth and weepeth,
yet bearing precious sowing,
Returning rejoicing he bringeth
boundless harvest.

—Harvey Officer

WILT THOU FORGIVE . . . . . *David Stocker*

Based on a poem by John Donne, 16th century cleric, this piece calls particular attention to the refrain, a play on Donne's own name, "When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done (Donne), for I have more."

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun
which was my sin though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,
and do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
for I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin by which I've won
others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
a year or two, but wallowed in, a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
for I have more.

I have a sin of fear that when I've spun
my last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy son
shall shine as he shines now and heretofore;
And having done that, Thou hast done:
I fear no more.

HOSPODI POMILUI . . . . . *from the Russian Orthodox liturgy*

(Lord Have Mercy) arr. G. V. Lvovsky

In the context of the service the officiant faces the congregation holding aloft at arms' length the crucifer, a large cross on a pole. The choir then sings the Hospodi three times in broad chords. There follows a gradual lowering of the cross accompanied by descending chord progressions in the choir until the cross touches the floor of the chancel at the lowest point in the anthem. This signifies Christ's descent into hell. The music rises in volume and pitch while the priest slowly raises the crucifer again to full length overhead. This symbolizes Christ's victorious resurrection and ascent into heaven, conquering death. The choir ends with the same three broad chords.

INTERMISSION

III.

LET ALL THE PEOPLES PRAISE THE LORD . . . . . *Gallus Dressler*

(born 1533)

Let all the peoples praise the Lord God;
let all the nations laud Him!
Indeed His mercy and His truth
shall remain with us forevermore!
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

I AM THE RESURRECTION . . . . . *Gallus Dressler*
(born 1533)

I am the resurrection and the life,
He that believeth in me, he shall live,
He that believeth though he were dead,
Yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth
and believeth in me
Shall not die forever. —based on St. John 11:25-26

THE AMERICAN MERCURY . . . . . *Randall Thompson*

—a sequence of five transcripts from AMERICANA
(*text used by kind permission of the American Mercury*)

MAY EVERY TONGUE

[Washington—Christian sentiment of the Rev. Dr. Mark Matthews, veteran instrument of the Lord in Seattle, as reported by the *Post-Intelligencer.*] . . . .
May every tongue be paralyzed and every hand palsied that utters a word or raises a finger from this pulpit in advocacy of Modernism.

THE STAFF NECROMANCER

[New York—*The Staff Necromancer* of the *Evening Graphic* comes to the aid of troubled readers of that great family newspaper.]

[Q.]—Will I ever recover my stolen jewelry? . . . A.M.
[A.]—*Your jewelry was taken to New Orleans and sold. You can recover it in part.*

[Q.]—My children made me break up my home and come to New York from Massachusetts: and now I am so lonesome, and can't pay my room rent. What can I do? . . . E.T.
[A.]—*You will get a position as nurse to three small children in Pelham, N.Y. It will give you a source of income, and something easy to do. I see you will marry again later and go back to Massachusetts.*

[Q.]—Is my husband, Charles W———, alive? . . . A.W.
[A.]—*No, he is not. I see him drowning in deep water.*

[Q.]—Will it be advisable for me to go into the laundry business with my boy friend before we are married? . . . F.I.B.
[A.]—*Yes, the two of you will be very successful. I see you will marry very soon.*

[Q.]—Will I ever have any children? I have been married nearly two years. . . . A.F.W.
[A.]—*You will have three children, the first one in about two years. That is plenty of time.*

GOD'S BOTTLES

(*Leaflet issued by the Women's Christian Temperance Union*)

APPLES ARE GOD'S BOTTLES: The sweet juice of the apple God has placed in His own bottle. What a beautiful rosy-red bottle it is! These red bottles hang on the limbs of a tree until they are all ready for us to use. Do you want to open God's bottle? Bite the apple with your teeth and you will taste the sweet juice God has put in his bottle for you.

GRAPES ARE GOD'S BOTTLES: These purple and green bottles you will find hanging on a pretty vine. See! So many little bottles are on a single stem! Put a grape in your mouth and open God's bottle. How nice the juice tastes! Some men take the juice of apples and grapes and make drinks that will harm our bodies. They put the drinks in glass bottles, but we will not drink from such bottles; we will drink FROM GOD'S BOTTLES.

THE SUBLIME PROCESS OF LAW ENFORCEMENT

(Arkansas—*The Sublime Process of Law Enforcement,* described by Joseph B. Wirger, death-house reporter of Little Rock *Gazette,* in *Starting Detective Adventures.*

One scene in the death chamber was particularly unpleasant, even gruesome. That occurred the morning four white men were executed a few minutes apart. The condemned men were Duncan Richardson, Ben Richardson, F. G. Bullen and Will DeBord. The first three had been convicted of the murder of one man; DeBord was condemned for murdering an old couple.

Preparations for this unusual execution were not as complete as they might have been. There were no accommodations for the undertaker who was to take the four bodies away. The death chamber was too small for the four coffins and the augmented crowd of witnesses, and there was no other room convenient.

Hence the four coffins were deposited in the run-around of the death-house, directly in front of the cells in which the four men were confined awaiting their turn in the chair. It was an unintentional cruelty on the part of the officials. If the doomed men looked through the doors of their cells, the grim row of coffins was directly in view. If they looked out the windows, they could see the hearses waiting to carry them away after the execution. So they sat on their bunks with their faces in their hands and waited the execution.

Duncan Richardson was the first to go. After it was all over for him, his body was carried back and laid in the coffin where the other three could see if they lifted their heads. And when Ben Richardson started his death march, he passed by the row of coffins, one of which contained all that remained of his brother.

LOVELI-LINES

(California-Literary intelligence: *Announcing*)

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CHAMBER SINGERS

IV.

DEUX CHANSON DE CHARLES D'ORLEANS . . . . . *Claude Debussy*

(1862-1918)

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle;
  Pour les grans biens que sont en elle
  Chascun est prest de la loüer.
  Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?
  Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,
La gracieuse bonne et belle!
  Par de ca, ne de là, la mer
  Ne scay dame ne damoiselle
  Qui soit et tous bien parfais telle.
  C'est ung songe que d'i penser:
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Lord! Lovely has thou made my dear;
A graceful, good, and winsome creature;
  Perfect in mind, and form, and feature:
  Her praise is sounded everywhere.
  Could any tire of one so fair?
  So rich endowed by grace and nature.
Lord! Lovely has thou made my dear;
A graceful, good, and winsome creature;
  Over seas, far and away, or near,
  Every other maiden excelling,
  She reigns a queen, homage compelling.
  Happy I, dreaming but of her.
Lord! Lovely hast thou made my dear!
Lord! Lovely hast thou made my dear!

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin Sonner,
pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chief du coissin;
  En disant: il est trop matin
  Ung peu je me rendormiray:
  Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin Sonner
  pour s'en aller au may,
  Jeunes gens partent leur butin;
  De non chaloir m'accointeray
  A lui je m'abutineray
  Trouvé l'ay plus prouchain voisin;
Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin Sonner,
pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chief du coissin;

Whene'er the tambourine I hear
That sounds to call us all to may,
Snug lie I at the break of day,
From the pillow lift not my head;
  Tis too soon, for to leave my bed,
  Liefer to slumberland away.
  Whene'er the tambourine I hear
  That sounds to call us all to may,
  Men and maids; tokens for the fair;
  Yet without smart hear I their lay
  Though tokens get I none today:
  But snug lie I from chilly air.
Whene'er the tambourine I hear
That sounds to call us all to may,
Snug lie I at the break of day
From the pillow lift not my head

—alto: Claire Jacobsen

TURTLE DOVE ..... *English Folk Song*

Collected and arranged by Ralph Vaughn Williams
(1872-1958)

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while;
If I roam away I'll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

So fair thou art my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till all these things be done, my dear,
Till all these things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree
Amaking a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.

—baritone: Franklyn Giffen

EXULTATE DEO ..... *G. P. Palestrina*

(1526-1594)

Exultate Deo adjutori nostro, jubilate Jacob! Sumite psalmum et date tympanum, psalterium jucundum cum cythara! Buccinate, in neomenia tuba, insigni die solemnitatis vestrae! —Psalm 81:1-3

Sing aloud unto God our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob. Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery. Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.

—The King James version

THE 13th PSALM ..... *Jean Berger*

O Lord, how long wilt thou forget me; how long wilt thou withhold thy favor from me? How long must I cherish a daily grief? How long is my foe to triumph over me O Lord, how long?

Look to me, O Lord, my God; look to me and answer me. O Lord revive me lest I sleep the sleep of death; O Lord, revive me lest my foe claim "I have mastered him." O Lord revive me, lest my enemies exult over my downfall. O Lord, my God, how long wilt thou forget me?

But on thy kindness I indeed rely, let me exult over thy saving aid; I will sing unto the Lord for he hath dealt with me me so lovingly. O Lord, my God, look to me and answer me.

CHARLOTTOWN ..... *American Folk Song*
arr. C. F. Bryan

Charlottown's burning down,
Good-bye, good-bye,
Burning down to the ground,
Good-bye Liza Jane.
Ain't you mighty sorry?
Good-bye, good-bye
Ain't you mighty sorry?
Good-bye Liza Jane.

THE THREE KINGS ..... *Healy Willan*

"Who knocks tonight so late?"
The weary porter said.
Three Kings stood at the gate,
Each with a crown on head.

The serving man bowed down;
The inn was full, he knew.
Said he, "In all this town
Is not fit place for you!"

A light the manger lit:
There lay the Mother meek.
Said they, "This place is fit:
Here is the rest we seek!"

They loosed their latchet strings;
So stood they all unshod.
Come in, ye Kings!
And kiss the Feet of God.

—Laurence Housman

SOON AH WILL BE DONE ..... *Negro spiritual*
arr. William Dawson

Soon I will be done with the troubles of the world
Going home to live with God.
I want to meet my mother,
I'm going to live with God.
No more weeping and awailing
I'm going to live with God.
I want to meet my Jesus,
I'm going to live with God.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA CHEER SONG

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Richard De Candole
*Aubert Giffen
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Alix Hector
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*Member of Chamber Choir

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